

The Souldiers pole is false: young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuicil now with men: The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest charres. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is fortish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,
Wee'll bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold,
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breecfest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawles that he makes.

Dol. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appere thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke *Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: while he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
He be to *Caesar*: if y' please not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their denues. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,

Nor by a publick minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the A&S it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Caes. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persifted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd,

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'll heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To th' way thee's fore'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
To thy way thee's fore'd too.

Egypt. So the Gods preferre thee. *Exit.*
Caes. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Caesar* I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Caes. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-

cond *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*.

Caes. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Caesar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vie for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maieesty to keepe decorum, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankses.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

'Yare false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th' Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till *Caesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this

Releu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Th' vdoing of your selfe: Let the World see

His Noblenesse well acted, which your death

Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene

Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,

If idle talke will once be necessary

Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,

Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I

Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,

Nor once be chaffic'd with the sober eye

Of dull *Otharion*. Shall they hoyst me vp,

And shew me to the shewing Varlotarie

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.

Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus muddle

Lay me statke-nak'd, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring; rather make

My Countie high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Cl
Pro. You do exte
These thoughts of hor
Finde cause in *Caesar*.

Enter

Dol. *Proculeius*,

What thou hast done

And he hath sent for

Ile take her to my Gu

Pro. So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me be

To *Caesar* I will speake

If you'll imploy me to

Cleo. Say, I would

Dol. Most Noble

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly yo

Cleo. No matter fu

You laugh when Boye

Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderstand

Cleo. I dreamt th

Oh such another sleep

But such another man.

Dol. If it might pl

Cleo. His face was

A Sunne and Moone,

The little o'th' earth.

Dol. Most Souera

Cleo. His legges b

Crested: he world: H

As all the tuned Spher

But when he meant to

He was as ratling Th

There was no winter i

That grew the more b

Were Dolphin-like, t

The Element they liu'd

Walk'd Crownes and

As plates dropt from h

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Thinke you cl

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Mad

Cleo. You Lye vp

But if there be, nor cu

It's past the size of dre

To vie strange formes

An *Anthony* were Na

Condemning shadow

Dol. Heare me, g

Your losse is as your st

As answering to the w

Ore-take pursu'de fu

By the rebound of yo

My very heart at roo

Cleo. I thanke you

Know you what *Caesar*

Dol. I am loath to

Cleo. Nay pray yo

Dol. Though he b

Cleo. Hee'l leade

Dol. Madam he wi

Enter Proculeius

and o

All. Make way th